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In Pious Memorie
of
The right Worthie and Vertuous
EVPHEMIA KYNINGHAME,
Who
In the Prime of Her Youth
Died the 23. of Iulie, 1616.

THis Beautie faire, which *Death* in Dust did turne,
And clos'd so soone within a Coffin sad,
Did, passe like Lightning, like to Thunder burne;
So little Life, so much of Worth, it had.
Heauens but to show their Might heere made it shine,
And when admir'd, then in the Worlds Disdaine
(O Teares, O Griefe!) did call it backe againe,
Lest Earth should vaunt Shee kept what was Diuine.
What can wee hope for more? what more enjoy?
Since fairest Things thus soonest haue their End,
And, as on Bodies Shadowes doe attend,
Since all our Blisse is follow'd with Annoy?
Yet Shee's not dead, Shee liues where She did loue,
Her Memorie on Earth, Her Soule aboue.

